

Attorneys

CAMPBELL & VAN CAMPEN,
Attorneys-at-Law,
NAPOLEON, O. - - OHIO.
A. B. CAMPBELL, J. VAN CAMPEN.
Sole and Exclusive Agents of the
R. W. CAHILL,
Attorney-at-Law, Napoleon, Ohio.
NAPOLEON, OHIO.

O'Brien & Prosser, Attorneys at Law, Office in the Court House, Jan 11, 1886.
W. STEPHENSON, MARTIN KNUFF,
STEPHENSON & KNUFF,
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law,
Office in Vocke's Block, 2nd Floor, Napoleon, Ohio.

F. M. RUMMELL,
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AND Real Estate Agent, Office in Hahn & Meyer building, (second story), Napoleon, O. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.
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E. B. HARRISON,
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9 to 10 a. m.; 12 to 1 p. m.; 4 to 7 p. m.
Nov 28-85

DR. J. S. HALY,
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Will attend to calls in town and country. Office
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Consorial.

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the popular favorite for dressing
the hair, restoring color when
gray, and preventing dandruff.
It cleanses the scalp, stops
the hair falling, and is sure to please.
See and know for yourself.

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The best Cough Cure you can use,
and the best preventive known for Consumption. It
cures coughs, colds, and all disorders of the
lungs, liver, kidneys, urinary organs and
all Female Complaints. The feeble and sick,
struggling against disease, and slowly drifting
towards the grave, will in most cases recover their health by
the timely use of PARKER'S Tonic, but delay is dan-
gerous. Take it in time. Sold by all Druggists in
large bottles at \$1.00.

HINDERCORNS
The safest, surest, quickest and best cure for Corns,
Bunions, Warts, Moles, Calluses, etc. Hinders their
further growth. Stops all pain. Gives comfort. Makes
the feet comfortable. Hinders corns when everything
else fails. Sold by Druggists at 10c. H. H. COOK & CO., N. Y.

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WE have one of the finest meat markets in this
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meats of all kinds, and will pay the highest cash
price for cattle, hogs, sheep, calves, poultry, sides
and culls. Farmers having any of these to sell will
do well to call on us. The public is respectfully in-
vited to call and give us a trial. We will guarantee
satisfaction. POHLMAN BROS.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo.
Adams' Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising
contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

"I'LL KISS HIM FOR HIS WIFE."

RICARE LANE.

This happened to Col. G. D. Alexander, Third Arkansas Regiment, now a professor in Thatcher Institute, Shreveport, La.

The long steamed battle o'er and lost,
The order came, Retreat!
But many hearts lay cold and still
On beds of daisies sweet,
And thrilled no more at the onset bold;
Nor heard returning feet.

The living left the lonely dead
Upon the spot they fell,
And turned with saddened faces back
The tale of rout to tell;
But on the kindly daisies there
The dead slept soft and well.

The steady tramp went through the night;
The dead tramp went through the night;
Into the cheerful day,
And wearily they kept the pace
That led away—away;
For who could face an iron foe
That swept their ranks like hy?

Beside the road an officer
Lay wounded like to death;
All pallid, faint, and helpless he,
With scarcely strength for breath;
And 'twas company plodding by,
As one to the other said:

"Be easy, boys; there lies the man
That led us in the fight;
We love him and we won't pass on
Until we've done him right;
Come softly, shake our Captain's hand,
For he'll be dead ere night."

And boys, the flower of Arkansas,
From text books to the ranks,
Filed past with misty eyes, upon
The Shenandoah's banks,
And gently pressed their Captain's hand,
And fiercely dashed the Yanks.

A big, gruff bearded Irishman
Brought up the rearmost file,
And knelt beside the suffering man,
And sobbed and sobbed the while;
And as that far-off look looked on,
Through tears there came a smile.

The Sergeant turned him toward the boys,
His face with grief full fire;
"Begorra, boys! while they gazed down
On that fast warming fire,
"We'll never see the Cap'n again—
I'll kiss him for his wife!"

The kiss of that rough soldier there
Thrilled through the Captain's soul,
And started fresh the sluggish life
From heart frost to its goal;
And one less grave kind nature sobs
By Shenandoah's roll.

—New Orleans Times Democrat.

WON BY A STRATEGY.

"How I should like to elope!" said Silvestra Grey, sitting in the garden, with an open book in her hand.

"To what?" asked Jack Leonard, who had been leaning against the nearest tree, partially whittling out a pair of silk-winders, and waiting for some visible sign or token of Silvestra's notice.

"To elope," repeated Silvestra, with a little frown, "like Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald in this book."

"I was going to say, Silvestra," pursued Jack, mildly accepting her shower of peppery words as a matter of course, "that if you preferred eloping to the regular thing, I'd elope with you any time."

"You!" cried Silvestra, bursting out into a merry peal of mocking laughter. "Yes, I," said Jack. "Why not? I'm sure I love you, Silvestra."

"Jack, leave off talking nonsense, and go along," said Silvestra, peremptorily. "Dear Silvestra, won't you say that you will marry me?" he humbly pleaded.

"No!" cried the little beauty stamping her foot. "I won't marry you, and I've told you a thousand times before. And if you ever dare to ask me that question again, I'll—I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

So Silvestra went away, her pretty head erect in the air, her hazel eyes sparkling with displeasure. And Jack looked after her like a big, loving, wretched Newfoundland dog of a man as he was.

"She's such a little darling," he mused, sadly. "And I'd give the world for one of her sweet looks; but somehow I don't seem to suit her, let me say or do what I will."

And Jack went home to his maiden aunt, a jolly old lady, with a fortune to leave, who was a great reader, and hugely interested in love affairs of every kind and description, and told all his troubles to this affectionate old confidante.

"And you would like to marry her?" she asked.

"I shall be wretched forever if I cannot win her!" he protested.

"Very well," said Aunt Sadie, "I can tell you how to win her affections."

"Dearest Aunt Sadie, if you will only help me to obtain the prize."

"Leave off protesting," said Aunt Sadie, "and listen to me. Go away, there's your cousin, Herbert Wyatt, going to the Mediterranean in his steam yacht. There are the Follies just starting to look up the source of the Nile. Or, if you prefer deer hunting in Norway, or salmon fishing in Scotland—"

"And then grow a heavy beard," added the old lady imperiously; "wear broad-brimmed sombreros hats, study up the matter of costume, read poetry and romance."

Jack listened, comprehended, eagerly assented, and, whether he went to Norway, the sources of the Nile, the Bay of Naples or the salmon fishing, disappeared without even bidding farewell to Silvestra Grey.

"How very eccentric of him," thought Miss Grey. "But, after all, it's just like dear, funny old Jack."

And then she forgot all about him.

When Aunt Sadie Leonard opened her little home in Kensington to society the year after, she had Capt. Giacompo Leonard, of Venice, to introduce to the world.

The captain was tall and dark, not unlike what poor Jack Leonard had been two years ago.

So the brilliant winter days and evenings, full of music, charades, operas and carpet dances, glided along, and Capt. Leonard became a constant attendant on Silvestra Grey. A handsome couple they made, and people began to whisper at the possibilities of an early wedding.

"Now, I wish," said Silvestra, enthusiastically, one day, "that you could have known my cousin Jack. Dear old Jack! You remind me of him, Capt. Leonard."

"I shall be jealous of this Jack if you have about him any longer," said the captain, smiling.

"Poor Jack!" sighed Silvestra. "I think he liked me."

"And did you like him?"

"Come," said Silvestra, "that is scarcely a fair question. Of course I liked him—a little."

"Suppose I were to say that I liked you a great deal—that I loved you—"

"Oh, Capt. Leonard!"

"Would you say me 'no' or 'yes'?"

"Yes," she whispered—"a score of times, yes."

"Do you really love me, darling?"

"You know that I love you, Giacompo," with soft, reproachful eyes.

"If I were a poor beggar in the Via Marina, would you love me still?" he catchied, with tenderness.

"Oh, Giacompo, how can you ask these cruel questions?"

"I like to be sure," said the captain, serenely. "Come here, little one, and kiss me, and let me slip this circlet of diamonds on your plump finger. Ah, there comes Miss Leonard."

Silvestra ran to her with eyelashes wet with sudden tears.

"Oh, Miss Leonard," she sobbed, "I am engaged."

Aunt Sadie lifted her eyebrows.

"To Jack?" said she.

"To Giacompo," corrected the beauty, "to captain Leonard."

"Well," said Aunt Sadie "he's Jack."

Silvestra turned around with a face of pretty puzzlement.

"Jack," she repeated—"Jack."

"Say it again, sweetheart," carressed Capt. Leonard, tenderly imprisoning her hand in his. "You don't know how sweet it sounds. And, Silvestra—"

"Well?"

"If you would rather our marriage ended in an elopement than a regular church wedding?"

Silvestra gave a little comprehensive cry; the scarlet blood suffused her face; she clasped both hands over her eyes.

"Oh!" she cried. "I see it all now. Oh, Jack! Jack! How could I have been so blind—how could I!"

But in vain she strove to draw her hand away. Capt. Leonard held it fast.

"You have promised me, dear," he declared; "you have promised and I shall not let you go."

"And I don't want you to," whispered Silvestra. "I—I think I always loved you, Jack, even when you were an awkward boy. But now—"

And her bright, shy eyes, timidly lifted to his, told the rest of the tale.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1878 I was taken with bleeding of lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed.

In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctor said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when, to-day I feel better than for three years past.

A SLIM BANQUET.

Mr. Spoonendyke forgets that it is Wash Day.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

"Say, my dear," whispered Mr. Spoonendyke, closing the door carefully and approaching his wife with a broad grin on his visage. "Say, my dear, Specklewottle's down stairs in the parlor. He has come to take dinner with us!"

"Great gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoonendyke, dropping her work and bustling up to the glass to arrange her hair. "What did he come to day for? Don't he know it's wash day?"

"He came for dinner!" retorted Mr. Spoonendyke, turning pale about the lips. "What d'ye s'pose he came for. To be washed! What's wash day got to do with it? Think the man can be soaked in a tub and hung over the clothes line with a measly wooden pin astride the small of his back? Well, he didn't, he came for grub, and you want to hustle around and get it up pretty lively for him, or I'll begin to serve up things myself before long!"

"But, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Spoonendyke, there's nothing in the house. The clothes—"

Then serve up the clothes! roared Mr. Spoonendyke, who had utterly forgotten the day of the week when he invited his friend, and now he wanted his wife to get him out of the scrape somehow, and as the same time not let him down with Specklewottle. Just put the clothes on a platter and set 'em before him! You can explain to him that we only eat three times a week, like a dog in hot weather! That'll satisfy him, so long as he has the clothes to eat!"

"You don't imagine he would want to eat the clothes do you?" asked Mrs. Spoonendyke, innocently.

"Just try him!" yelled Mr. Spoonendyke, enraged at the idea of being taken literally. Just try him, and sling in some of the natural grace you always put on a table! Mr. Specklewottle, have some of this fricasseed petticoat! And Mr. Spoonendyke held out the legs of his trousers as a woman holds her skirts, and waited all around the room. Mr. Specklewottle, do try one of these fried socks and a slice of the pillow shank! Dear Mr. Specklewottle, pray let me help you to a piece of this shirt collar and a pair of stuffed cuffs! I made them myself, and though they are not as good as—"

That's the way to do it! continued Mr. Spoonendyke suddenly concluding his remarks with a war whoop, and presenting himself before his wife all out of breath. "Think you've got that bill of fare all right? See your way clear to a successful dinner party, now?"

There's some cold shad down stairs and I think there is a raw ham in the cellar, ruminated Mrs. Spoonendyke, regarding her husband with a startled look of inquiry, as if asking if he thought Specklewottle would mind the meat being raw and the fish a trifle cold. "I don't think he has anything home on Mondays except cabbage and beans. Or perhaps may have doughnuts and pie, she continued, hastily, seeing her husband swelling with retort. "And I'm sure doughnuts and pie are good."

That's what he wants! howled Mr. Spoonendyke. "Bring forth the

shad that froze to death in the house of Spoonendyke! Develop the measly banquet and let joy be unconfined! Ain't you got any more sense than a bungle? Think I'm going to bring the aristocracy here to fatten on dead fish and live hogs! How long are you going to let that man sit down stairs in a state of starvation? Where's that roast of beef I brought home the other day?"

"I think we ate that all up the day it came home," sighed Mrs. Spoonendyke. "Do you mean that roast with the queer little sticks in it?"

The same," replied Mr. Spoonendyke, nerving himself for another ordeal. "Did we eat the sticks? Am I to understand that there is not one dog-eared little stick left of all that affluent luxurious mess? Lift the impenetrable veil of obscurity off the secluded bower of the shrinking sticks," he yelled, as it dawned upon him that Specklewottle was in the parlor waiting to be fed, and that the social problem was no nearer solution than when he started. "Let us unravel the mystery that hangs like a pall over the fate of the unhappy sticks, that they may come forth and fructify Specklewottle," and in the excess of his emotion Mr. Spoonendyke gasped for breath and rested his hands on his knees, looked as if he were inviting his wife to little game of leap frog.

There's some lettuce in the house, and I bought some strawberries to day and I could cook the steak I saved over for breakfast," murmured Mrs. Spoonendyke, coming out triumphantly in the end, woman like. "And I will put on my new wine colored satin, and we will have a nice supper."

Going to put that wine colored on the ham?" howled Mr. Spoonendyke, who had a man's idea that a dinner is not a dinner until it's roasted. "Think I brought that man here at 6 o'clock in the afternoon to take breakfast? Got some kind of notion that cold fish, raw ham, wormy lettuce, green strawberries and a fried cow are going to satisfy the cravings of a man who has just won a bet of a dinner on—"

but here Mr. Spoonendyke stopped short. The last revelation was unintentional.

"Was it a bet, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoonendyke opening her eyes in astonishment. "Did you bring Specklewottle home here on a bet? If I had known that and you had given me time, I would have had a nice supper for you. I don't suppose he would care for a cold meal, under the circumstances. I really think—"

"That settles it," squealed Spoonendyke, mad at himself for what he had divulged, and angrier still when he saw that he would have to explain to Specklewottle how he was fixed.

"When you commenced to think, the free list is entirely suspended. Some day when I catch you thinking I am going to drive a spigot in your head, advertise science on top. Book science a dime extra. Free lunch from 11 to 1."

And with this prospectus Spoonendyke flash down stairs and explained to Mr. Specklewottle that, owing to Mrs. Spoonendyke having a severe headache they had better postpone the dinner, or retire to the nearest restaurant.

"Oh! if I had only known that in time," known what? "Known that a simple cold in the head may develop into chronic catarrh." Well, it isn't too late, for Ely's Cream Balm will cure catarrh even after the sufferer's life has become a burden to him, and he a nuisance to his friends. It is the only radical and thoroughly scientific catarrh cure known. Not a sniff. Not a liquid. Price fifty cents. 2t

A Few Mathematical Questions.

A farmer spends \$13 per year for tobacco, and his wife spends \$2 per year for shoes. How much more does her shoes cost than his tobacco?

It is twenty-eight feet from a certain kitchen door to a wood-pile, and 2,358 from the same door to a corner grocery. How much longer will it take a man to walk to the wood-pile than to the grocery, estimating that he walks three feet per second?

If it takes a boy twenty-five minutes to cut three sticks of wood to get supper by, how long will it take him next morning to walk three miles in the country to meet a circus coming to town?

A cook hires out at \$3 per week, and when Saturday comes she has broken \$4.80 worth of dishes. How much is due her, and how on earth did the mistress find out that she had broken anything?

A young lady who is out with her beau drinks four glasses of soda-water at 5 cents each; two glasses of gingerale 5 cents each; eats three dishes of ice-cream at 10 cents each; four pieces of cake valued at 30 cents, and throws a hint for a box of candy worth 50 cents. What does she cost him in all?

A tramp tackles a farm-house, and a dog tackles the tramp. The tramp passes over thirty-two rods of ground per minute, while the dog passes over forty-eight rods. How long will it take the dog to overhaul him?

Four boys who are on a visit to their aunt discovered a cake of maple sugar weighing five pounds and eleven ounces. What will each boy's share be if equally divided?

A saddle-horse has caused the death of four different ladies who were advised by their doctors to try the saddle for exercise, how many ladies could have been decently killed in half the time by riding over rail fences in buckboards?

John has an orange, and six boys like their chops and want him to divide. He eats it by himself, seed, rind, and all. How many pieces would he have had to divide the orange into in case he had been a flat to give each boy a piece?—Detroit Free Press.

Chauncey M. Depew and Franklin B. Gowen both entered the railway world from law offices.

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